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A SONG FROM HOME: IN A BRITISH HOSPITAL-TRAIN.

The modern hospital-train is a marvel of ingenuity and completeness. It is built corridor-wise, with passage ways from one coach to another, and is fitted with all necessary medical and surgical appliances, as well as kitchens and store-rooms containing enough food for, say, half-a-dozen meals for 500 men. The cots are arranged longitudinally

in three tiers, the upper ones for men likely to require less attention, and the lower two for more serious cases. Everything is done to make the "wards" as bright and cheerful as possible, as in a hospital. Even canaries in cages may be seen hung near the cots on occasion to amuse the patients with their song, recalling memories of home.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HARNEN AFTER OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



# THE GLORIOUS END OF THE "VINDICTIVE": BLOCKING THE FAIRWAY AT THE ENTRANCE TO OSTEND HARBOUR.

DRAWN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



## THE COMPLETION OF THE ST. GEORGE'S DAY EXPLOIT: THE SINKING OF THE CONCRETE-LADEN BLOCK-SHIP "VINDICTIVE" AT OSTEND—THE VESSEL'S CREW GETTING AWAY.

The Admiralty announcement on May 10 of the blocking of Ostend Harbour by the sinking of the "Vindictive" at the harbour entrance ran as follows: "The operation designed to close the ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge was successfully completed last night, when the obsolete cruiser H.M.S. 'Vindictive' was sunk between the piers and across the entrance of Ostend Harbour. Since the attack on Zeebrugge on April 23, 'Vindictive' had been fitted with concrete and fitted as a block-ship for this purpose." Commodore Lynes said this in a statement credited to him: "The 'Vindictive' sank herself about 150 to 200 yards inside the eastern entrance." According to airmen's reports next day: "She lies about 150 to 200 yards inside the outer end of the

eastern pier, at an angle of between 40 and 45 degrees to it." Says a third narrative: "The Captain, finding himself almost alongside the piers, swung her into the channel, and rammed her stem against the eastern pier. Finding the 'Vindictive' was aground aft, and would not turn further, the officer cleared the engine-room and stokehold and blew the charges." The crew got off by two motor-launches, shown while taking men off. Apparently the passage is not entirely sealed. "Her position," says a "Times" correspondent, "on high authority," "is such as to prevent the use of the harbour certainly for cruisers, and to restrict its use for destroyers and submarines, though it is not claimed that these smaller craft cannot pass in and out."



## WAR AS THE ARTIST SEES IT.

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE battle-picture is a modern invention. In classical times the personal contest was everything, and the artist's conception of warfare as a series of disconnected duels was that of the fighting men themselves, who would line up, even in the historic battles, to watch the contest between two famous champions. The war-scape was undreamed of; and so it comes about that there are no pictorial records of such terrific affairs as the Battle of Cannæ, where a great Roman army was annihilated in a space about half the size of the Oval. But the Romans, who were mere copyists of Greek artistic conventions, never thought of making pictorial records of their victories and defeats, and the traditional treatment of war as a form of athletics lingered on far down the Middle Ages.

The Bayeux Tapestry, with its figure of Harold with the arrow in his eye to remind us that the battle was really won by high-angle fire (here the bow has an advantage over the rifle), is as near as the mediæval mind could get to a modern battle-piece. Uccello, that typical quattrocentist, does not get much nearer, after all. He plays prettily with the newly discovered laws of perspective, and the eye rejoices in his sumptuous

patterns of gallant colouring. But his battles are merely pageants of the jousting field, in which death is an indecorous accident.

In the full light of the Renaissance a better conception emerges of the battle-picture. Drama takes the place of pageantry, as one sees in Raphael's "Battle of Constantine," at the Vatican. Leonardo da Vinci, that pioneer in science and art, jotted down ideas in his note-book which, if they were indeed carried out, must have made him almost a realist. "You will first of all," he writes, "bring in the smoke of the artillery, which fills the air, and with it the whirling dust-clouds raised by the movement of horses and men." His battle-pictures, alas! have perished; so also have Michael Angelo's. Later on, Vermeiren and Vasari produced panoramas which are the ancestors of the tactical views appearing to-day. Later still, glorification of the brain that guides the battle-storm or the inextricable chaos of a cavalry charge became the leading motives. Van der Meulen shows you a hill in the foreground, where "Le Roi Soleil" manages his charger in the midst of a brilliant Staff; or Salvator Rosa presents an impossible tangle of fighting horses and men in a melodramatic colour-scheme. The

apotheosis of the generalissimo was perfected by the painters of the Napoleonic legend.

Only the splendour of war is shown in these old pictures. Verestchagin was the first to set forth its infinite squalor in a light as cold and pitiless as the grey dawn over the Russian snows. Then came the painters of the French *débâcle*, who dignified defeat by depicting the anguish of the nameless combatant. The painted episodes of 1870-71 concentrated the world's attention on the hideous wrongs inflicted by war on the individual. To-day the set battle-piece is impossible—so vast are the stretches of country over which a battle ebbs and flows, so cunningly are the uniforms of the soldiers—khaki or field-grey—made to merge into the colouring of the terrain itself. Yet, for the first time in history, the artist is officially at work in the very fighting-line, so that we shall possess a complete series of his impressions. Now and hereafter the man and his machine—perhaps even the machine and its man—must be the dominant motive. In such pictures as Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's "The Mitrailleur," with its figures of men of iron tempered to steel in a crisis, I feel a sense of reality far transcending the realism of Verestchagin.

## THE "VINDICTIVE'S" GALLANT END.

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

NOT much more than twenty years ago some official at the Admiralty was directed to suggest an appropriate name for a second-class cruiser which was building at Chatham Dockyard. It was then the rule to select names which were already in the signal-book; and, as the Navy already had its *St. George*, its *Dreadnought*, its *Revenge*, its *Warspite*, and its *Triumph*, it was at last decided to revive a war-ship name of comparatively recent date. It thus came about that the cruiser was christened *Vindictive*—which, as the dictionary reminds us, means "vengeful." The cruiser was at last launched and passed into the Service, going out to the Mediterranean Station. But she was a failure, because, though she had good lines and a turn for speed, and possessed many other qualities, she was of little use as a man-of-war. She mounted only four 6-inch guns and half-a-dozen 4.7-inch weapons at a time when Sir Philip Watts, then at Elswick, was designing for Japan and other foreign countries cruisers which could have blown the *Vindictive* out of the water.

If the matter was given a thought by the Admiralty, it must have been confessed that the name was an inappropriate one for a vessel which could do much, but could not fight. She was certainly not fitted to exact retribution from a foe. So, at last, she was given six more 6-inch guns, and the 4.7's were taken out of her. But it was felt that nothing could make the *Vindictive* a success. After six or seven years' service, she was paid off into the Dockyard Reserve at Chatham. It was thought that the *Vindictive's* short career was ended, and that conclusion seemed to be confirmed when, under Lord Fisher's nucleus-crew scheme, she at length passed into the "forlorn hope fleet," as it was called derisively, for it consisted of ships which, through old age or other causes, were never expected to prove of much use. But Fate has decreed that the *Vindictive* shall, after all, justify her name.

The Navy had apparently forgotten that the *Vindictive* still existed until on St. George's Day of this year it was revealed that she had played a great part. In the dead of night, in order to divert attention from three block-ships which it was intended to pass across Zeebrugge Harbour, she was laid alongside the Mole, and parties of seamen and Marines passed from her deck under a tornado of shells from the German defences to demolish everything they could reach. That hour of fierce conflict has passed into history. The defenders of the port were so surprised that they failed to stop two of the block-ships, which were eventually sunk at the very entrance to the canal leading to Bruges, through which, for three

years or so, German destroyers and submarines had been wont to pass freely on their lawful, as well as unlawful, occasions. Zeebrugge was thus effectively sealed. Photographs which have since been taken by our airmen support that conclusion. The enemy has since been busy endeavouring to clear away the obstruction; but day by day, whenever the weather has been suitable, British aeroplanes have circled over the scene of the exploit of St. George's Day dropping bombs on the workers.

Zeebrugge is merely the sea-gateway of Bruges, situated between six and seven miles inland. Bruges stands in much the same relation to Zeebrugge as Manchester to Liverpool. But the Manchester of Belgium has the advantage of another outlet to the sea, a much narrower and shallower canal running down to Ostend. It is thus the apex of a wet triangle, and when the Germans overran Belgium they converted Bruges into a base for destroyers and submarines, besides erecting aerodromes. So, when Zeebrugge was sealed, the Germans still possessed an alternative route, of limited utility as compared with the Bruges-Zeebrugge Canal. On the night on which Zeebrugge was raided two other block-ships were sent into Ostend; but, owing to a change of wind and the crafty action of the Germans in moving a buoy, the vessels were not grounded in the position intended.

Thus the raid of St. George's Day was robbed of something of its glory of achievement. Ostend still remained a thorn in the side of the British Navy, threatening the British Army's communications across the Channel. But one of the two ports had been closed; and since the Americans and Japanese in earlier years had failed to carry out successfully a similar exploit, though opposed by less difficulties, the nation was more than well satisfied, and paid its tribute to the skill and daring of the men who had done so great a deed. It was suggested that the *Vindictive*, with her honourable scars, should be brought into the Thames and exhibited for a small fee to go in aid of some naval charity. The Navy replied that it would think over the suggestion.

But the Navy was really thinking of how it could complete the business of St. George's Day, for it hates leaving a task half-done. So, while Londoners were wondering when the *Vindictive*, with her upper works battered and torn by the enemy's shell, would pass up the Thames, that ship was being loaded with cement. Last week, in the dead of night, she passed out of port once more, to be joined out at sea by a small armada—monitors,

destroyers, coastal motor-boats, and launches. The wind was favourable and the sea smooth as the expedition moved towards Ostend, a pall of smoke concealing its advance. Some time elapsed before the Germans realised what was happening. They were taken by surprise. But at length the powerful batteries protecting Ostend opened fire, 11-inch guns, 5.9-inch guns, and 4.1-inch guns taking up the defence. While the *Vindictive* was picking her way through the sand-banks which guard the port, under this fierce fire, fog came on.

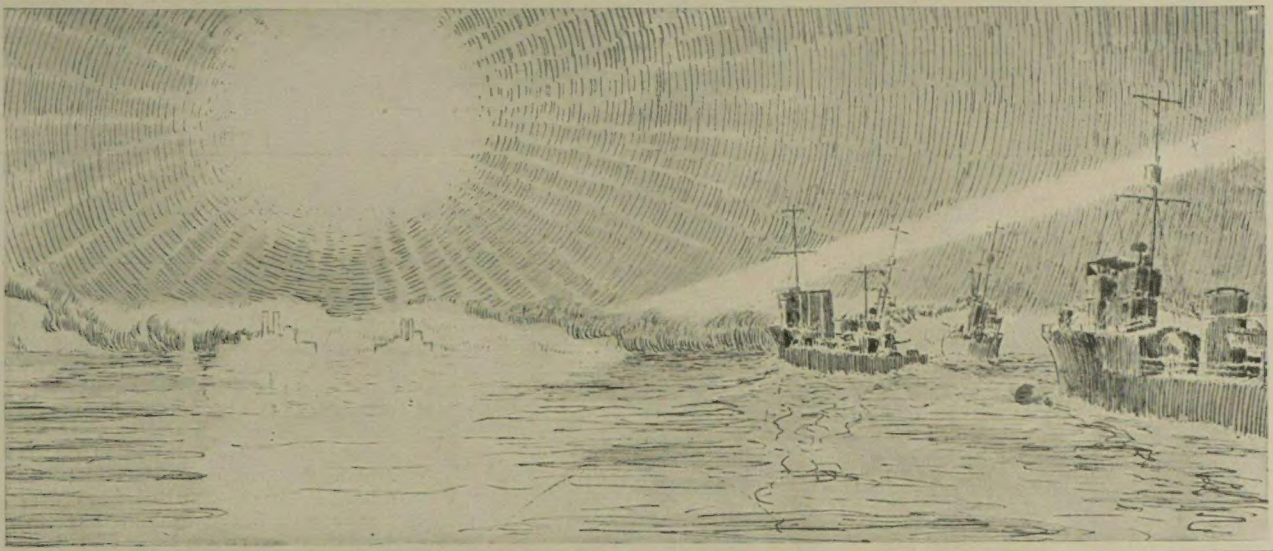
Twenty minutes were occupied in finding a suitable passage for a ship which in normal trim drew twenty-one feet, and meantime shells fell fast and furious, and star-shells lighted up the scene. But the small crew on board—about one-tenth of the usual complement—were not to be discouraged. By a fine exhibition of seamanship and gallantry the *Vindictive* was navigated to the harbour entrance, where two piers thrust themselves seawards. As the clocks ashore were striking two o'clock, the old cruiser reached the position which had been chosen for her. A few simple formalities were then enacted, the group of officers and men passed into the motor-boats which were waiting to rescue them, and the old cruiser sank at an angle of about forty degrees at the eastern pier.

In this way, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, and under the personal instruction of Commodore Hubert Lynes, C.M.G., the *St. George's Day* raid was finished off in a workmanlike manner, the *Vindictive*, with the honourable scars gained at Zeebrugge, coming to her final rest under such a salute of powerful artillery as has never before marked the last stage in the career of so insignificant a ship. She lies under the eyes of the Germans as the very embodiment of the fighting instinct of the British Fleet. The old ship could not have ended her career more worthily. Before the Germans can use these two Belgian ports again freely they must by some means or other clear away no fewer than six block-ships whose steel construction has been reinforced by the best Medway cement. The normal displacement of the *Vindictive* was 5750 tons; while the *Brilliant* and her four sister-ships represent another 18,000 tons, that being their aggregate displacement when they were in the Service. For some time the Germans will be kept very busy dealing with these obstructions, and in the meantime the activity of their destroyers and submarines will be restricted. The material injury which the enemy has suffered may be only temporary, but the moral effects will be lasting. The British Navy has once more asserted its primacy, and added a new and glorious page to its annals.



# THE OSTEND HARBOUR EXPLOIT: SKETCHES OF THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

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IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE ATTACK—AT MIDNIGHT: THE "SIRIUS" AND "BRILLIANT" (LEFT) PASSING INTO THE SMOKE-SCREEN.



AFTER THE ATTACK: MOTOR-LAUNCHES ENQUIRING THE WAY HOME FROM BRITISH DESTROYERS AT DAWN ON APRIL 23.



AFTER THE ATTACK: BRITISH MONITORS (LEFT) RETURNING NEXT MORNING; WITH FRENCH DESTROYERS ESCORTING THEM (RIGHT).

"The 'Sirius' and 'Brilliant,'" says the official Admiralty narrative, "were already past the Stream Bank buoy when the wind changed, revealing the arrangements to the enemy. The 'Sirius' was already in a sinking condition, when, at length, the two ships, having failed to find the entrance, grounded, and were forced, therefore, to sink themselves at a point about 400 yards east of the piers, and their crews were taken off by motor-launches. . . . The coastal motor-boats had lit the approaches and the ends of the piers

with calcium flares and made a smoke-cloud which effectually hid the fact from the enemy." In the first drawing an Ostend searchlight beam shows slanting across the fog-screen and smoke. The "Sirius" and "Brilliant" are seen dimly through the smoky vapour in the background, to the left of the centre, under the radiance of a star-shell, bursting directly over them. The splash of a projectile appears astern of the "Brilliant." To the right are British destroyers.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE can all imagine, if only for the sake of argument, a man who always changes the subject by talking about the weather. When asked, let us say, to give a fair wage, he will say it is a fine day; or, if expected to pay for a glass of beer, he will assert inaccurately that it looks like rain. Little by little we should probably fall into the habit of leading the conversation away from meteorological topics, and parrying them whenever they appeared. We should admit, if we were true philosophers, that the weather is a wide and wonderful subject; and that the simplest child at play, or ploughman at work, may have an inarticulate inspiration of all that it meant to Shelley or to Turner. Nevertheless, we should gently but firmly detach the man's mind from the weather and bring it back to the wage. For instance, if told that our house and family had been struck by lightning, the remark might strictly be classified as talking about the weather. And, if we evaded it solely because of this atmospheric approach, we might miss the last chance of extinguishing some piece of furniture or near relative that was on fire. In short, many familiar things can be trivial subjects and can be very terrific subjects. And, curiously enough, something like this problem has arisen about the war.

Writing in this place, I have always deliberately avoided the matters on which my countrymen chiefly differ. This paper is well known among our Allies, and even among our enemies; and the

thing we have chiefly to say to them is a thing on which we all agree. (I remember a farce, quoted in my childhood, in which the only English words a German could say, with guttural indistinctness, were "Illustrated London News.") But anybody who has to insist on the importance of that point of agreement tends to be rather in the false position of my imaginary weather prophet — the man naturally suspected of mere views about the prospects of a thunderstorm when he really brings news of the effects of a thunderbolt. He will too

often seem to be taking refuge in patriotism as in a platitude; whereas it is really patriotism that is the paradox and the challenge—that has still the nature of wild news and revolutionary interruption. The very existence of our nation really is in deadly peril; the last hope of all nations really is pinned to a victory over Prussia. All differences about means, however hot and honest, must really be subordinated to this supreme end; all quarrels amongst ourselves must really and truly be kept under, because we win this one



PLACED ON THE RETIRED LIST: MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR FREDERICK MAURICE.

The Army Council has placed General Maurice on retired pay for a breach of the Regulations in publishing his letter of May 7 contradicting Ministerial statements. A debate in Parliament on the letter resulted in a large Government majority.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

fight or we perish. Yet the statement of these solid facts inevitably sounds thin and faint; the man who keeps to the point of the peril has an inconsequent air of relapsing into generalities. Already he seems to speak of things too faded and too familiar, though the things he speaks of really began very recently and are driving to their end very rapidly. He seems to be talking about the weather, he seems to be staring at a barometer, when he is really staring at a bolt from the blue.

And the reason for the error is the same. It is because such patriotism has been accepted lightly like the weather before it began to be experienced painfully like the war. Patriotism has really been used as an evasion, by men who dared not tell the truth about beer or wages, before it blazed before us as clear as lightning and as devouring as fire. Patriotism did become a last refuge of some before it became the first high peril of a plain respectable man. It is the memory of florid and frigid appeals, in time of peace, that now seem sometimes to falsify the perfectly practical appeals in time of war. The common politician has had the uncommon fate of being at once confirmed and confounded. A thing quite as strange as a stray thunderbolt has struck him; his own words have come true. We might say, without any grave injustice, that his own lies have come true. This type pretended to call down fire from heaven; and the fire really did come from heaven, or possibly from hell. He professed to provide his country with the pilot who could weather the storm; and was considerably disconcerted when heaven provided him with the storm. And now that he pleads

pathetically and persistently that there really and truly is a storm, he still seems to some to be talking merely at random about the weather.

In the old politics of peace the appeals for unity were false, simply because they were appeals from a much greater thing to a much smaller one. The controversies that divided men were more real than the catchwords which were supposed to unite them. For instance, it was really absurd that a mere plea for "keeping the Party together" should prevent Liberals who believed in the South African War from supporting it, or Liberals who detested it from denouncing it. The South African War was a much smaller thing than any European war; but it was a much bigger thing than a mere caucus with a particular colour for its ribbons and rosettes. Some have now to combine against a peril far more actual than any passion. They have so often had to sink their real quarrels for some unreality that they can hardly believe that they must now sink their real quarrels for a much more real quarrel.

This is now the chief peril—not only among the national parties, but among the allied nations. It is vital that these should co-operate; it is in a very real sense vital that they should unite. For any folly any nation commits it will suffer afterwards in the natural order; but the success of the modern German Empire is so unnatural a punishment that even this wicked world does not deserve it.

One very simple way of stating the truth is to say that there is nothing we can complain of, in any of our fellow-citizens or any of our Allies, which victorious Prussia would not impose on the world, with all the evil proper to itself, and with seven devils worse than itself. There is no disease of ours that we can try to cure which they would not merely make incurable. If the brazen militarist and materialist once strikes us down, he will stun us for ever. We shall have lost the strength to reform, and even the power to repent.



IN CHARGE OF THE BLOCKING OPERATIONS AT OSTEND: COMMODORE  
HUBERT LYNES, C.M.G.

The blocking of Ostend Harbour on the night of May 9-10, like the previous attempt, was carried out under the direction of Commodore Hubert Lynes. He entered the Navy in 1887, and in 1914 became Flag-Captain in the Third Fleet. At one time he commanded the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," and formerly the "Cadmus" on the China station.

Photograph by Cribb.



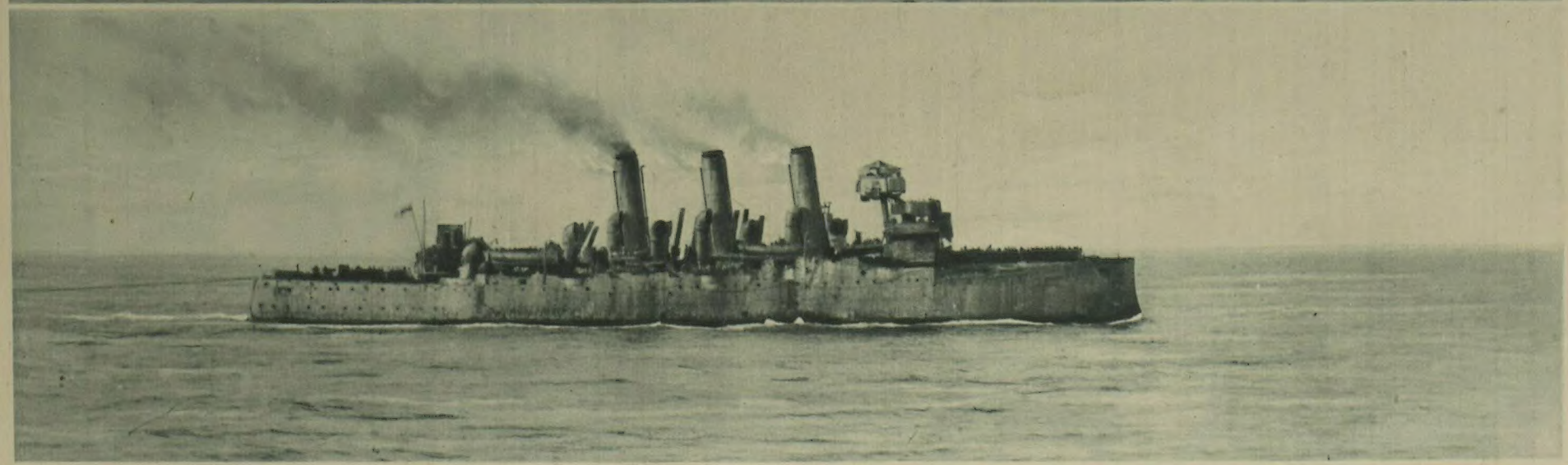
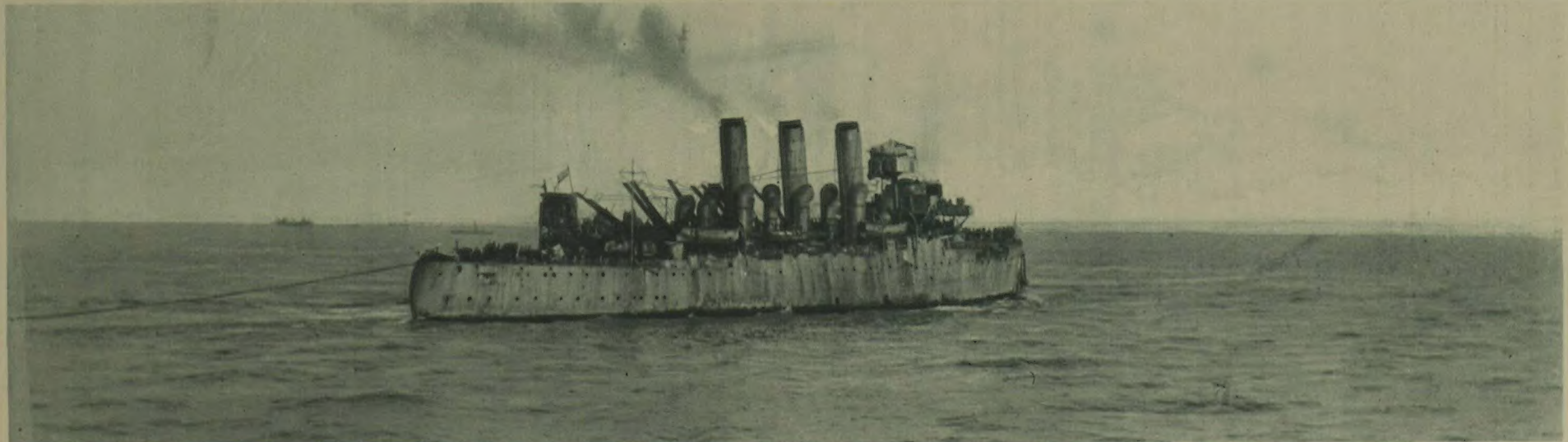
THE RECIPIENT OF A NOW HISTORIC  
LETTER FROM THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR:  
PRINCE SIXTE OF BOURBON.

It was to Prince Sixte that his brother-in-law, the Emperor Karl, addressed the recently revealed letter admitting "the French just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine." His sister, Princess Zita, married the Emperor Karl in 1911. He is a cousin of the Queen of the Belgians, and is said to have served in the Belgian Army till last February.

Photograph by Taponier.



## ON HER WAY TO ZEEBRUGGE: HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "VINDICTIVE."



SHOWING MEN ON BOARD; RAISED DECK AND "BROWS"; AND ROPE TOWING "IRIS" AND "DAFFODIL": THE "VINDICTIVE," SINCE SUNK AT OSTEND, ON HER WAY TO ATTACK ZEEBRUGGE ON APRIL 22.

Although we have already published several photographs of the "Vindictive," the hero-ship of the naval raid on Zeebrugge and the second raid on Ostend, taken after her return from Zeebrugge, the above are of special interest as being the last to be taken of the famous old ship before she went into action at the Zeebrugge Mole. She is seen here on her way across with the raised deck and "brows" built for boarding the Mole, and, astern, the rope by which she was towing the two ferry-boats

"Iris" and "Daffodil." On her decks, too, may be seen the gallant men who manned her. On May 10 the Admiralty announced: "The operation designed to close the ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge was successfully completed last night, when the obsolete cruiser H.M.S. 'Vindictive' was sunk between the piers and across the entrance of Ostend Harbour. Since the attack on Zeebrugge on April 23, 'Vindictive' had been filled with concrete and fitted as a block-ship for this purpose."

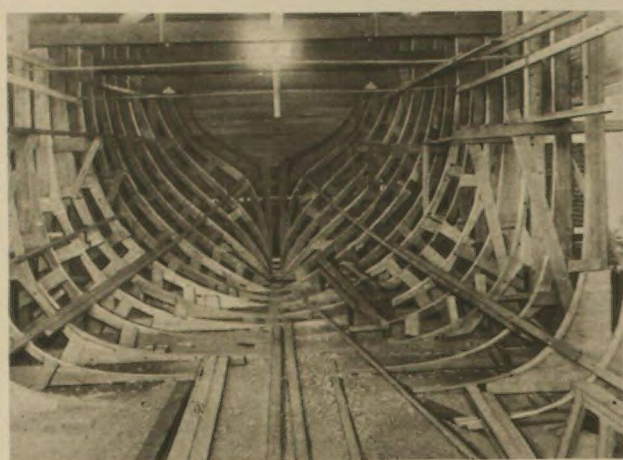


# CONCRETE-SHIP BUILDING: WAR-WORK FOR WHICH THERE IS

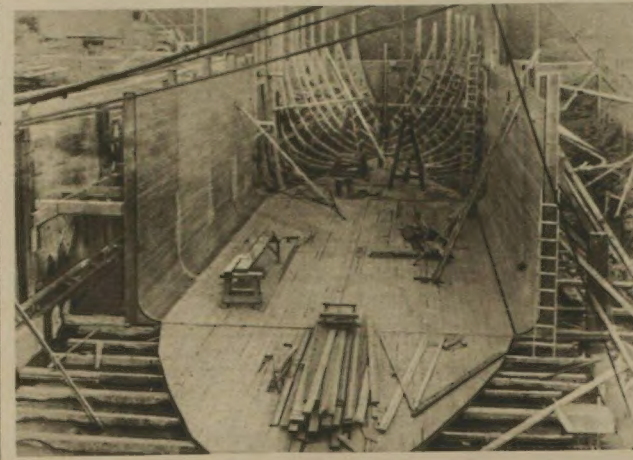
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY

# "A VERY URGENT DEMAND"—MAIN STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION.

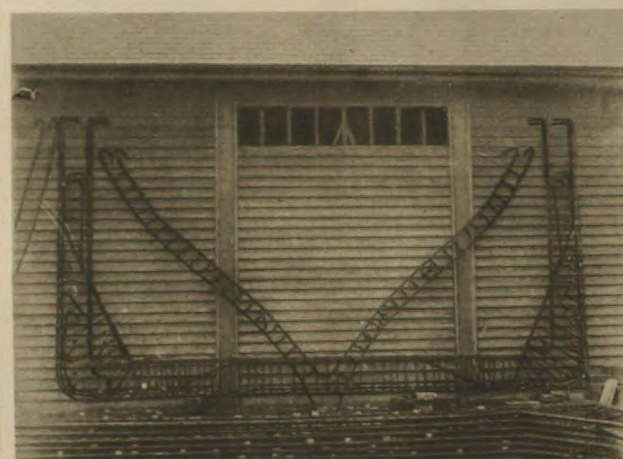
SPORT AND GENERAL.



FOR THE "OUTER" AND "INNER" MOULDS: WOODEN RIB STERN-FRAMING, CLOSE-BOARDED OVER FOR THE CONCRETE MOULDING TO BE SHAPED.



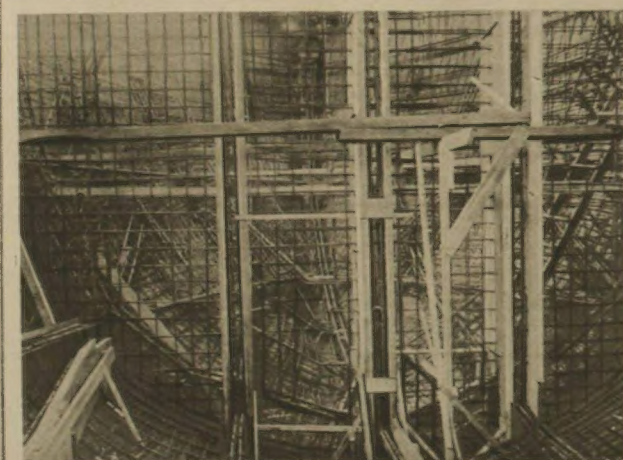
THE MIDSHIPS "OUTER MOULD" FOR A VESSEL: THE MOULDING COMPLETED, WITH, AT THE FAR END, THE RIBS SHAPING THE BOWS.



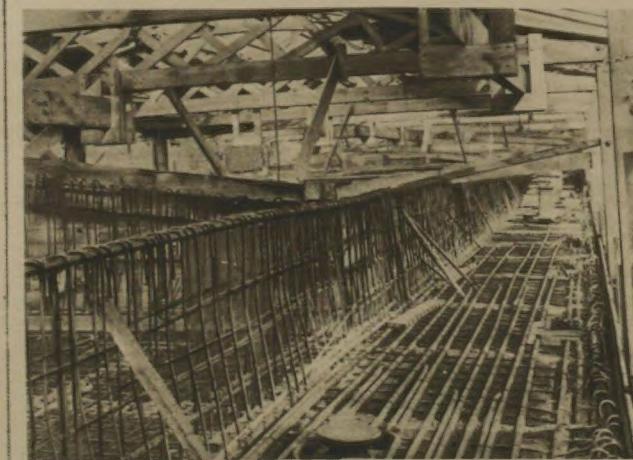
STEEL-ROD "REINFORCEMENTS" SET IN CONCRETE: "U" SHAPE FOR A MIDSHIP FRAME; "V" SHAPE FOR A FRAME AFT.



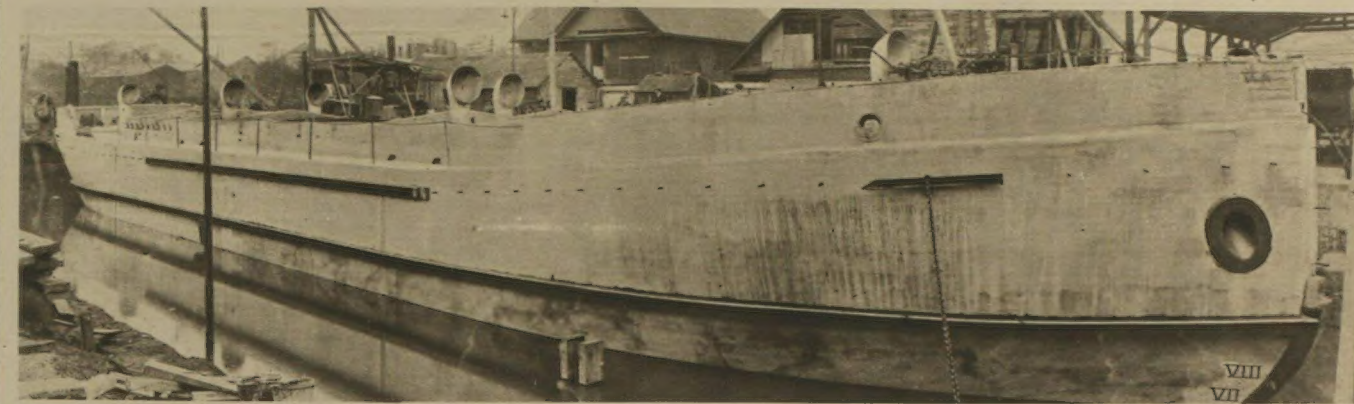
STEEL-ROD "REINFORCEMENTS" FIXED IN THE CONCRETE: A SHIP'S SIDE MOULD (LEFT); A FRAME MOULD (CENTRE).



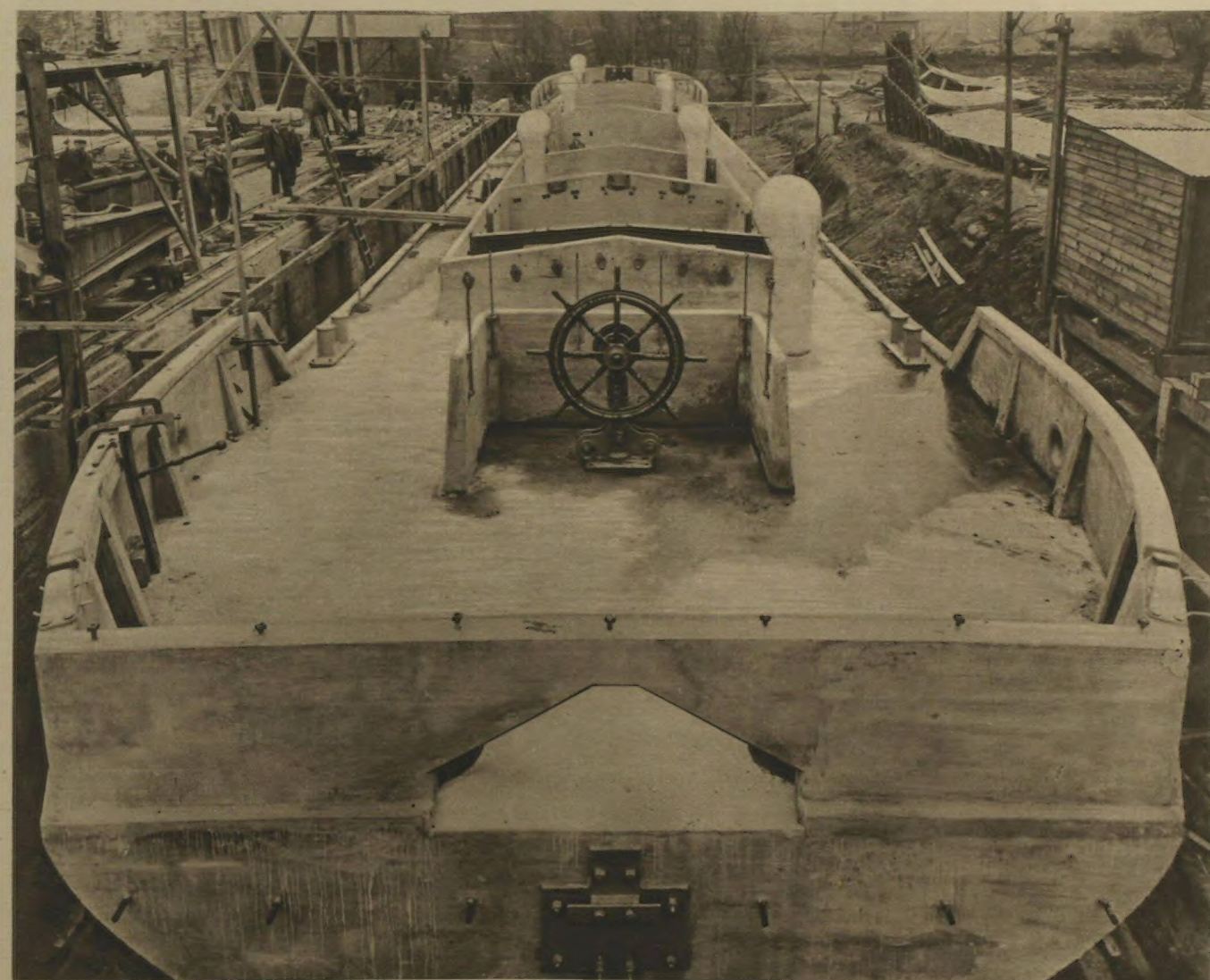
A BOW "REINFORCEMENT": "LIGHT" AND "HEAVY" SIDE AND FRAME REINFORCEMENTS: IN THE FOREGROUND, A BULKHEAD REINFORCEMENT.



"REINFORCEMENTS" ON THE DECK AND COAMING BEAMS: A GENERAL VIEW; IN THE FOREGROUND, A BILGE PUMP DECK-PLATE.



A CONCRETE VESSEL DOCKED, AND WATER-BORNE FOR THE COMPLETING-FOR-SEA STAGE, AFTER BEING LAUNCHED: A SIDE VIEW OF THE HULL, WITH THE WOODEN FENDERS PARTLY FIXED IN POSITION.



ON BOARD A PRACTICALLY FINISHED CONCRETE VESSEL: A VIEW ON DECK FROM RIGHT AFT TO THE BOWS, SHOWING THE STEERING-WHEEL AND HELMSMAN'S SCREEN, HATCHWAY OPENINGS, AND HOLD-VENTILATORS.

Answering a question in Parliament on May 9 on concrete-ship building, Mr. Pretyman, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, said this: "Every encouragement is being given by the Admiralty, newly formed yards having been laid down specially, while existing shipyards have been encouraged to form branch establishments for the purpose. At present no vessels of more than 1000 tons are being constructed to the order of the Admiralty," but "there is a very urgent demand for vessels of small tonnage which could be rapidly constructed. It was decided to concentrate

on smaller craft until experience had been obtained as to construction and behaviour at sea." Comprehensive views of the stages of construction of concrete vessels, in building at the shipyard of Messrs. J. and W. Stewart, of London and Belfast, are given above. Wooden outer and inner "skins" of the vessels' shapes are made and set up, with spaces between to serve as moulds. These are filled with liquid concrete, with embedded steel rods as stiffening. When the concrete sets, the wooden moulds are removed, and the sections are put together.



# THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF GERMAN TANKS: "PANZERKRAFTWAGEN."



CAPSIZED, AND AS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH: A GERMAN TANK SHOWN WITH ITS IRON CROSS BADGE (THE BOWS TO THE LEFT) AND THE UNDER-CHASSIS.



WITH THE ANGULAR BOWS TO THE RIGHT: THE TANK ON ITS SIDE, SHOWING THE ROOF SURFACE AND THE CONNING-TOWER WITH ITS PORTS AND SHUTTER-FLAPS.



LYING ON ITS RIGHT SIDE AND SHOWING THE SIDE BADGE OF THE IRON CROSS: THE ENTRANCE AND EXIT OPENINGS IN THE ROOF OF THE CONNING-TOWER—THE REAR OF THE TANK TO THE LEFT.



DETAILS: BULLET-HOLED MACHINE-GUN SHUTTER-FLAPS AND THE ROOF GRILLE FOR VENTILATION AND THE ESCAPE OF FUMES.



THE UNDER-BODY OF THE TANK CHASSIS: THE FLOOR FRAMING, AND ENDLESS TRACTOR WHEEL-CHAIN WITH GRIDS AFFIXED FOR GRIPPING THE GROUND.

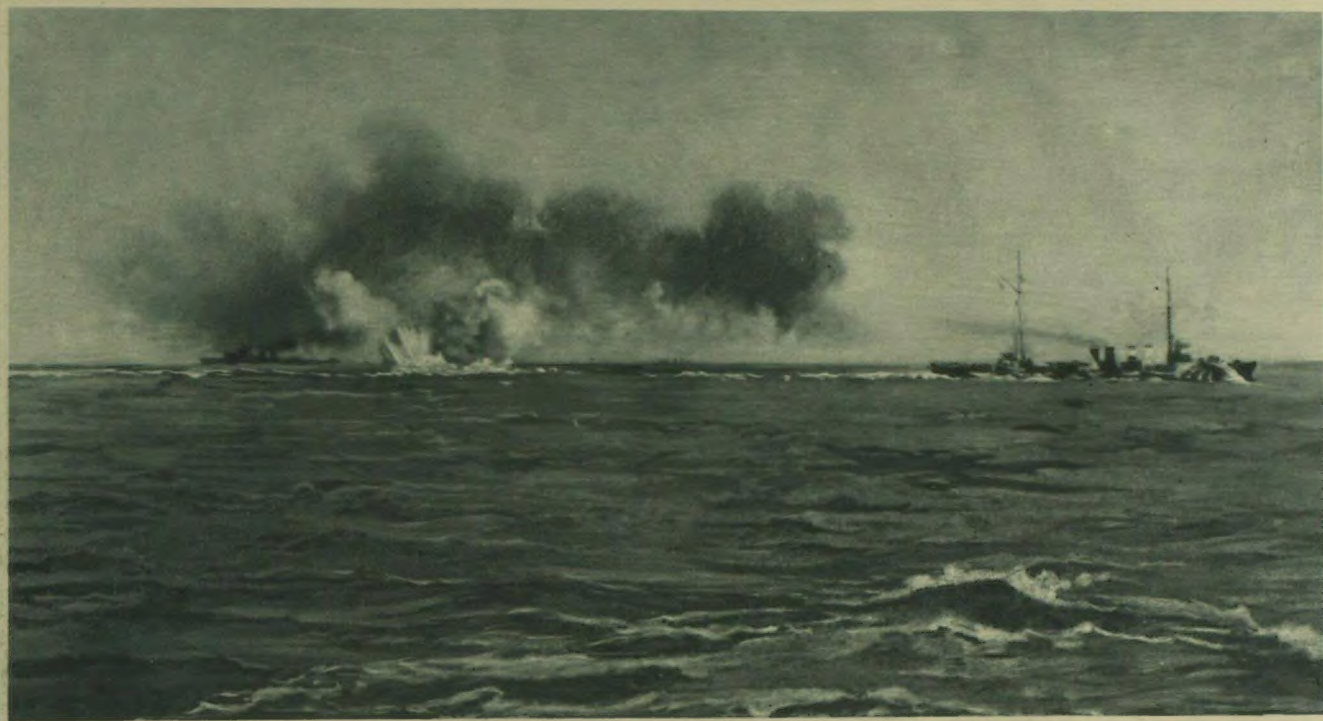


THE CAMOUFLAGED ROOF OF THE TANK AS IT LAY CAPSIZED: REMAINS OF FOLIAGE ORIGINALLY LAID ON IT AGAINST AIRCRAFT OBSERVATION.

One of the war-correspondents thus describes German Tanks, from one taken and lying derelict after action. In design they are more like the French pattern than our own. Each weighs about 45 tons, and has a speed, at best, of 10 miles an hour. The front is plated with 28-mm. (about 1½-in.) armour; the back with 20-mm. (about 1-in.) armour; and the sides with 16-mm. (about 2-3-in.) armour. All this is quite flat, so that a bullet gets the fullest effect of direct impact, and armour-piercing rifle ammunition will perforate the hull anywhere. They are about 23 feet long. The conning-tower, in which the

driver sits, is entered from above, and has hinged side-shutters; but observation, even at moderate range, is difficult, owing to structural defects. The armament comprises one 47-mm. (1½-in.) gun, for direct fire ahead, and six machine-guns, mounted in pairs on each side and astern. The crew consists of one officer and 18 men, who pack the interior "like the contents of a sardine-tin." The Tank shown here is seen where it came to grief in the French lines. Both ends, the sides, and the roof and floor on the exterior are shown. Like German aeroplanes, the Tank bears the Iron Cross badge.



*A Hit with a Depth-Charge: A U-Boat Settled by a Destroyer.*

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE UNDER-WATER EXPLOSION: THE CLOUD OF SMOKE STILL OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE DESTROYER DID ITS WORK AND "KILLED" THE GERMAN SUBMARINE.

The destroyer is seen on her course immediately after dropping a depth-charge where a U-boat had submerged, in conditions leaving little doubt as to the submarine's fate. A cloud of smoke, a spouting-up column of water and spray, and greasy, smooth patches

of oil on the surface all round, indicated that the U-boat was almost certainly destroyed. The smoke of the under-water explosion is seen still over the spot which the fast-moving destroyer passed a few seconds before.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

*Lord French as Viceroy of Ireland: At the Castle, Dublin.*

AFTER THE FIELD-MARSHAL HAD BEEN SWORN IN: THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY TAKING THE OATH, IN TURN.

Field-Marshal Lord French, the recently appointed Viceroy of Ireland, with Mr. Edward Shortt, the new Chief Secretary, arrived in Dublin on the morning of May 11, and at once proceeded to the Castle. There, after a brief interval, the ceremony of swearing-in both took place. In the illustration, Lord French, after taking the oaths, is seen, in the uniform

of his rank, seated at the head of the Council table. Mr. Shortt is seen at one side, standing while being sworn in. On the cushion in front of the Field-Marshal lies part of the Viceregal insignia and the chain of office. The ceremony was conducted in a simple but very impressive manner.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]



# THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

## ON STUNT FLYING.

By C. G. GREY,  
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ONE of the minor troubles of life in these days of the all-pervading aeroplane—especially for those who live anywhere in the vicinity of an aerodrome—is the habit of "stunt" flying affected by some of the energetic young gentlemen who hope ultimately to go and kill Huns in the air. The word "stunt," in its original connotation, was understood to mean anything which is difficult to do and not worth doing when done. The definition held good whether applied to a newspaper stunt, a financial stunt, an aerial stunt, or any other kind of stunt. The word is cacophonous, and therefore fits its meaning.

In its current use, especially in England, the word "stunt" has come to mean anything difficult and rather showy, though possibly useful; and it is in that connection that it is applied by aviators to their methods of flying. Stunt flying is always acrobatic, though acrobatic flying may not be stunting. Also, what was once considered to be stunting is now frequently regarded as being purely acrobatic flying of a highly necessary kind which has to be done as a matter of course.

For instance, there was a time, say between four and five years ago, when looping the loop on an aeroplane was stunting pure and simple. It served no useful purpose. It was rather difficult to do. It was decidedly dangerous, because in those days aeroplanes were not so well built as they are to-day. And it was exceedingly showy. In fact, it was only done by professional aerial acrobats, and it was severely discountenanced by the military authorities.

To-day, looping the loop and its allied tricks—such as sliding down backwards (commonly known as tail-sliding), cart-wheeling, spinning, and so forth—are all part of the day's work, because they are necessary in air-fighting, either to avoid being shot by an enemy or to reach one who is unusually agile. These tricks, however, are properly performed only at considerable altitudes, and so may be classed as legitimate acrobatics; for, in the event of the performer making a mistake, there is then plenty of room below him in which he may fall and recover a proper flying attitude.

On the other hand, when such tricks are performed close to the ground, so that any mistake must inevitably mean a smash—probably fatal—they may fairly be classed as stunting pure and simple. For example, one favourite stunt is to rush an aeroplane along the ground at top speed, with its wheels either actually touching or merely skimming the grass, and then to loop the loop straight off the ground, shutting off the engine as the machine turns its somersault, and landing as it comes round at the bottom of the loop. This stunt requires perfect judgment of speed and distance, and perfect handling of the machine. Any mistake means a certain smash, and almost certain death. It is just about as safe as walking

over Niagara on a tight-rope was to the late M. Blondin. That is to say, it is perfectly safe so long as nothing goes wrong; but there is no margin for error.

Half-way between purely unnecessary stunts and genuine acrobatics come the tricks which are most familiar to the public. Young gentlemen who have been allowed to go up alone a few times pay a visit to a friend's house and do ferocious dives at the family party gathered admiringly on the

started them were the last to realise how useful they were to be. Their value comes in on active service when aeroplanes are sent out in large numbers for what is called by the aviators themselves "ground-strafting." The main objective is enemy troops on the ground, either on the roads, in the fields, or in the parks or squares of the towns and villages behind the fighting line.

They are the target for machine-guns and bombs from the aeroplanes, and the aeroplanes are the targets for machine-guns and rifles on the ground. Now troops in order of march or in mass formation, transport columns on roads or parked while at rest, are gorgeous targets, for they cannot dodge rapidly. An aeroplane travelling at 120 miles an hour or so is not an easy target even when flying on a straight course, but when it is dodging madly about like an infuriated sparrow it is still harder to hit. It is then that the young gentleman who was considered rather a nuisance at home, because of his fondness for stunting near the ground, finds that the tricks which he then performed are of considerable use in saving his own life and in taking the lives of his enemies.

The dive into the family lawn taught him how to dive over the tops of the tall French poplars, pumping bullets into the Hunnish troops on the road beside them, and to get away behind a convenient wood or farmhouse before they can bring their rifles to bear on him. His trick of circling round the village church taught him how to dodge round a cathedral tower in Flanders, to drop his load of bombs into the mass of transport in the open place, or town square, and then to hop over the town hall and disappear into the open country.

One hears of British aeroplanes careering down the streets of a town full of enemy troops, flying level with the second-floor windows, pouring bombs and bullets with deadly effect into the soldiery crowded below. At such levels, aeroplanes are almost impossible to hit; and, if they are hit, their descent in the middle of the crowd probably wipes out more of the enemy than they would abolish with their ordinary weapons. Such

flying along streets is not part of the regular curriculum of even the most advanced training schools for military aviators. Yet, on active service, habits thus acquired may—and do—prove of high value,

One is not by any means advocating that those able officers who are responsible for the training of the budding pilots of the Royal Air Force should forthwith proceed to include the main streets and squares of our chief cities in the itinerary of their pupils, nor that steeplechasing in its most literal sense should become a regular habit. One merely cites instances in which practices which are apt to cause annoyance to the groundling do in fact help in winning the war.



WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE: AMERICAN MECHANICS ASSEMBLING 'PLANES AT AN AMERICAN AVIATION SCHOOL.  
*Official Photograph.*

lawn, missing their heads by a few feet and the surrounding trees by inches as they pull their machines up out of the dive. Others amuse themselves by doing heavily banked turns round the ancestral chimney-pots. Others again delight in careering along the beach at popular seaside resorts, skimming the heads of crowds of women and children, and leaping steeplechase fashion over the



WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE: 'PLANES LINED UP FOR INSPECTION AT AN AMERICAN AVIATION SCHOOL.—[*Official Photograph.*]

piers. Occasionally one of them hits the trees, or the chimney-pots, or the pier, or a flag-pole, and kills himself—and, perhaps, a passenger or a spectator or two as well. Always they depend entirely on their engine keeping going, for engine failure at such low levels means an almost certain smash.

Of course, such tricks as these are purely the outcome of the exuberance and thoughtlessness of youth. As one grows old and curmudgeonish, instead of admiring the "boy in the aeroplane," one wants to take the boy out of the aeroplane and spank him for being a public nuisance. Yet, strange as it may seem, even these stunts have their uses, though probably the people who



## FLAX FOR AEROPLANE WINGS: A CALL FOR VOLUNTEER WORKERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT AND GENERAL.



IN THE FLAX FIELDS AT YEOVIL: GIRLS TURNING OVER THE STALKS LEFT OUT ON THE GROUND.



READY TO BE SOAKED IN WATER: THE FINER FLAX BEING PLACED IN THE BEYING-PANS.



WHERE THE FLAX STALKS ARE BROKEN SO THAT THE THREADS MAY BE EXTRACTED: THE BREAKING-MACHINE.



WHERE THE THREADS ARE EXTRACTED FROM THE STALKS: MEN, BOYS, AND GIRLS AT THE SCUTCHING-MACHINE.



THE BIRTH OF A LINSEED POULTICE: GIRLS DE-SEEDING FLAX STALKS BY PASSING THEM THROUGH WOODEN ROLLERS.



THE CONVERSION OF FLAX SEEDS INTO A FAMILIAR COMMODITY: THE MACHINE FOR REFINING LINSEED.

Owing to the enormous demand for fibre for the manufacture of aeroplane wings, and to the closing of Russian ports from which supplies formerly came, the Board of Agriculture, at the request of the Flax Control Board, formed a Flax Production Department to promote the cultivation of flax in this country, and the best use of the resulting crops. It was stated a few days ago that 3000 volunteers were still required for work in the flax-growing districts of Somerset, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire,

where several camps have been established. Already 7000 volunteer workers have been enrolled by Captain Elgee, at the Recruiting Office, Salters Hall, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. Many of them are City clerks who are thus turning their holidays to useful account. The minimum age is 16. Free camp accommodation and food are provided, with pay from 8s. to 10s. a week. From July onwards 100 married couples will be wanted for cookery and other camp duties. Boy Scouts undertake weeding work this month.



# THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: FLAMING POZIÈRES, "ONE OF THE MOST AWE-INSPIRING SIGHTS OF THE WAR."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



FIRE BY THE BRITISH ON RETIREMENT TO STRONGER POSITIONS: THE BURNING OF POZIÈRES, ON THE ALBERT-BAPAUME ROAD—A LURID SCENE OF FLAMES AND EXPLOSIONS.

Pozieres is—or was—a village about four miles north-east of Albert on the high road to Bapaume, near Courcellette, Martinpuich, Bazentin, and Contalmaison. Our drawing illustrates the scene during the German advance from Bapaume towards Albert. On the left is the road with a burning tank in the background. In the centre background an ammunition-dump and stores are blazing, the ammunition bursting in all directions; and among the buildings may be noted a large square water-tank. On the right is a railway siding. In the foreground is a British patrol—R.F.A. officers and infantrymen. On the retirement from Pozieres the place was set on fire, and quickly became one of the most awe-inspiring sights of the whole war. Great gusts of flame and smoke rose up from the burning stores, lighting the whole

country for many miles round, while huge explosions took place at intervals from the ammunition. Blazing cordite cartridges of the guns flashed in all directions. Describing the fighting in this district, Mr. Percival Phillips writes: "The stand of our troops everywhere has been splendid beyond description. . . . The battlefield several miles east of Albert awakened as though from the dead. . . . Six days ago you could motor from Amiens to Bapaume in fifty minutes, slipping from Albert along the last stretch of glistening road past the rubbish heap at the windmill by Pozieres, and the loneliness of the journey would remain a poignant memory. To-day the fissures in the brown earth on the eastern edge of the waste are again full of Germans."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS

IN QUEST OF  
THE BOOKOF SACRED  
SCIENCE.A GORDON LEEPER WHEN SUMAS BELIEVED TO BE A KILLER OF  
ON A SHIP WAS WRITTEN THE NAME OF GORDON LEEPER, THE ARGUMENT

A WARNING note has just been sounded to the effect that we are in danger of infection from malaria

through the arrival in our ports of troop-ships carrying mosquitoes bearing the germs of this most noxious disease. Although this belief is founded on a misconception, there is a substratum of truth in the notion. For, though the likelihood of danger from this source is based on ignorance of the life-history of the mosquito, some good may arise out of the alarm raised, if only by drawing the attention of the public to the fact that our native malaria-distributor, the Spot-winged mosquito (*Anopheles maculipennis*) may become infected by ingesting the blood of malaria-stricken soldiers sent home for treatment.

The error of the alarmist just referred to arose out of the mistaken notion that a "mosquito" is a tropical insect. This is far indeed from being the truth, for no less than eighteen species of mosquito are indigenous to the British Islands: commonly we call them "gnats." Painful as are the bites which they inflict, they are to-day harmless enough. But among this number one species—the Spot-winged *Anopheles*—till a couple of generations ago—was a pest indeed. For it was the agent which spread "ague" among the dwellers of the Fenlands and similar areas.

But ague, which is another word for malaria, a disease set up by a micro-

scopic blood-parasite, gradually died out, partly owing to the drainage and reclamation of the fens, and partly to the migration, from various causes, of the inhabitants of such areas to drier ground. As the infected people left the habitat of *Anopheles*, so they removed the source of infection from the carriers and distributors. Thus it is clear that all malaria-infected men must be jealously guarded against all chances of infecting our native ague-nurse, to start the disease among us afresh by injecting infected blood into healthy people.

A brief outline of the life-history of the mosquito should be within the knowledge of us all, for "gnat-bites" have to be endured even by town-dwellers, and this source of irritation might be materially lessened by a little knowledge of preventive measures. In the first place, it is "the female of the species" alone which is to be feared, for she

## THE RETURN OF AN OLD ENEMY.

alone "bites." The male has no apparatus for "tapping" us to obtain a meal of blood. He is perforce a vegetarian. The female of the ordinary House-gnat (*Culex pipiens*) lays her eggs in raft-like clusters in cisterns, rain-water butts, pools, and rain-water gutters—in fact, any standing water. Hence during the summer every possible care should be taken to see that these are kept covered. *Anopheles* prefers swamps and reedy pools.

The eggs of these insects hatch out after a very

After a few days of larval life the pupal stage is reached. This is passed fasting, and at the top of

the water. The breathing organs at this stage are placed near the head, in order that, when the time for the splitting of the pupa-case and the emergence of the perfect insect arrives, the exit may take place directly on to the top of the water, from the surface-film of which the maiden flight is made.

These larvæ may be recognised at a glance in any water-butt which has been left uncovered during the summer months. As one peers over the top they will descend from the surface in writhing

swarms, to return immediately for food and air, if one stands perfectly still.

The adults of the House-gnat (*Culex*) and of the Spot-wing gnat (*Anopheles*) are also easily distinguished—at any rate when seen at rest. In addition to the spots on the wings, *Anopheles* carries the body tilted at an angle of about sixty degrees from the surface on which it is resting—that is to say, the abdomen is tilted upwards, while the hindmost pair of legs project backwards and downwards, but take no part in supporting the body. The foremost pair of legs are very long and turn upwards, well above and in advance of the head, then sharply downwards and forwards

to grasp the point of support. *Culex* carries the abdomen pointing downwards and backwards, and the hindmost pair of legs high above the back. The foremost pair of legs have the first segment turned sharply upward behind the head, while the second segment passes downwards on each side.

Bedrooms to which mosquitoes have gained entrance may be cleared by allowing cressyl to volatilise, after closing the door and windows. About 75 grains should be allowed for every 35 cubic feet of space. This fumigant is perfectly innocuous to human beings. The bite of both species is extremely painful, and as a deterrent the face and hands may be rubbed with essential oil of oranges (30 grammes) and liquid vaseline (120 grammes). Camphorated alcohol (30 grammes) and oil of cedar (15 grammes) may be substituted for liquid vaseline.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE EFFORT OF THE SHIPYARDS TO COUNTERACT SUBMARINE SINKINGS: NEW FOOD-SHIP TONNAGE  
IN THE MAKING ON THE CLYDE.

On the left is a new standard ship plated; on the right a ship in frames, and in the centre an Isherwood oil-ship in frames. Lord Pirrie, the Shipping Controller, recently said: "The output for April 1918 (111,533 tons) though not reaching the high figures for March 1918 (161,674 tons) is 60 per cent. higher than April 1917. . . . The April output has been achieved notwithstanding the very large increase in the merchant ships which have been repaired and returned to service."—(Official Photograph.)

brief incubation period varying with the temperature, giving rise to small, very active larvæ feeding on minute organisms found immediately beneath the surface-film of the water. But, though aquatic, they are unable to breathe the oxygen suspended in the water, and must therefore obtain this from the air. This they do by means of a special breathing organ carried on the tail, which therefore has to be thrust through this surface-film. One may take advantage of this fact to destroy myriads of such larvæ by pouring sufficient kerosene oil upon the water to form a thin film. This forms a layer which the delicate breathing apparatus of the larvæ is unable to penetrate, and, in consequence, death from suffocation speedily takes place. Where oil or other preventive mixtures cannot be used, and where drainage is impossible, minnows and other small fish should be encouraged, for these will destroy vast numbers.



# TO JOIN THE 500,000 IN FRANCE: U.S. "NEW ARMY" TROOPS MARCH PAST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE ROYAL GROUP OUTSIDE THE PALACE. THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCE ALASTAIR OF CONNAUGHT, QUEEN ALEXANDRA; AND THE KING BEHIND.



THE KING TALKING TO GENERAL LIDDLE OF THE U.S. ARMY; WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT ON THE LEFT.



"EYES LEFT!" THE KING SALUTING AND SALUTED BY THE U.S. TROOPS: THE AMERICAN REGIMENT MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL PARTY BEFORE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



LONDON'S WELCOME TO A REGIMENT OF THE UNITED STATES NEW ARMY: THE AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING ALONG BIRDCAGE WALK, BETWEEN ADMIRING CROWDS.

London gave a hearty welcome to the regiment of the United States New Army, 2700 strong, under Colonel Whitman and Lieut.-Col. Wagner, which marched from Waterloo to Buckingham Palace on May 11. Outside the Palace the King and the rest of the Royal party, including the Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and their little son, Prince Alastair Arthur, and Princess

Beatrice, took up a position at the edge of the pavement. His Majesty took the salute and returned that of every officer. Colonel Whitman left the column as he arrived at the saluting-point and stood between the King and the Duke of Connaught. After the march-past, his Majesty complimented him and General Biddle on the splendid bearing of their men. Over 500,000 American troops are in France.



## FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BARNETT, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SARONY, AND A. AND N. AUXILIARY.



MAJOR W. CRABBE BECK,  
Royal Field Artillery. Eldest  
son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W.  
Beck, of Foxlow, Bromley,  
Kent. Mentioned in des-  
patches.



MAJOR MORICE JULIAN  
ST. AUBYN, M.C.,  
King's R. Rifle Corps. Son  
of late Mr. E. St. Aubyn,  
and of Mrs. St. Aubyn, of  
Connaught Square, W.



MAJOR FRANCIS GRAHAM, D.S.O., M.C.,  
Royal Field Artillery. Only son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Edward Graham, of Rendalls, Harrow,  
and Forston House, near Dorchester, and  
grandson of General Sir Robert Stewart,  
G.C.B.



LIEUT. IVO CLIFTON  
GASCOIGNE,  
Grenadier Guards. Only son  
of Captain Gascoigne, Sea-  
forth Highlanders, and Mrs.  
Gascoigne, Culford Gardens.



MAJOR CYRIL H. R.  
SCHOLEFIELD,  
R.G.A. Son of Mr. R. Schole-  
field, Rathgar. Awarded the  
Order of the Crown of  
Belgium and Croix de Guerre.



MAJOR AND SQUAD-COMMR.  
CUTHBERT R. ROWDEN,  
M.C.,  
Worcester Regt. and R.A.F.  
Only son of Mr. A. Roger Rowden,  
Hillend, Eastnor, Ledbury.



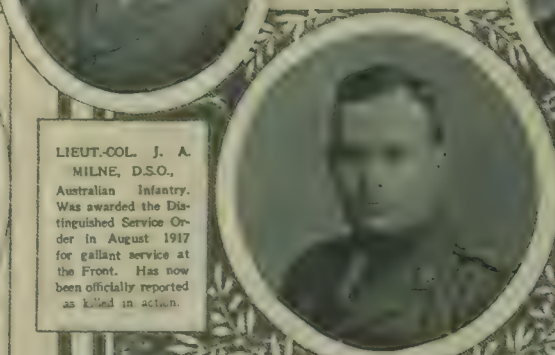
LIEUT.-COL. J. T. R.  
MITCHELL, D.S.O.,  
Argyll and Sutherland High-  
landers, and Major, Royal Scots.  
Has been officially reported as  
having died of wounds.



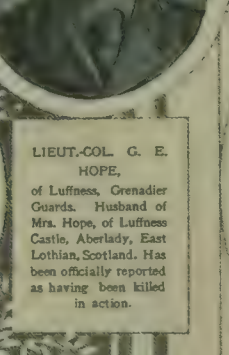
LIEUT.-COL. HUGH ACLAND  
TROYTE,  
Of Huntaham Court, Bampton,  
North Devon. Killed in action  
while evacuating the civil popu-  
lation of a village under fire.



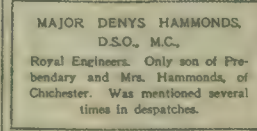
LIEUT.-COL. J. A.  
MILNE, D.S.O.,  
Australian Infantry.  
Was awarded the Dis-  
tinguished Service Or-  
der in August 1917  
for gallant service at  
the Front. Has now  
been officially reported  
as killed in action.



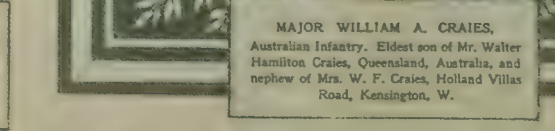
LIEUT.-COL. G. E.  
HOPE,  
of Luffness, Grenadier  
Guards. Husband of  
Mrs. Hope, of Luffness  
Castle, Aberlady, East  
Lothian, Scotland. Has  
been officially reported  
as having been killed  
in action.



MAJOR FRANK EARDLEY  
COCHRAN,  
S. African Infantry. Youngest son  
of the late Mr. John Cochran, one of  
Australia's early colonists. Major  
Cochran served under General Botha.



MAJOR DENYS HAMMONDS,  
D.S.O., M.C.,  
Royal Engineers. Only son of Pre-  
bendary and Mrs. Hammonds, of  
Chichester. Was mentioned several  
times in despatches.



MAJOR WILLIAM A. CRAIES,  
Australian Infantry. Eldest son of Mr. Walter  
Hamilton Craies, Queensland, Australia, and  
nephew of Mrs. W. F. Craies, Holland Villas  
Road, Kensington, W.



LT. THE HON. HAROLD  
FOX PITT LUBBOCK,  
Grenadier Guards. Son of  
the late Lord Avebury and  
of Lady Avebury. Killed  
in action.



MAJOR HAROLD BROWN,  
D.S.O., M.C., CROIX DE  
GUERRE,  
Yorkshire Regt. Son of Mr.  
George W. Brown, Lindsay  
Grange, Bournemouth.



LIEUT. VISCOUNT IPSWICH,  
Coldstream Guards, and R.A.F. Only son  
of the Earl of Euston, and grandson of the  
Duke of Grafton. His son, the Hon. John  
Pitz-Roy, born in 1914, becomes second  
heir to the dukedom.



CAPT. WALTER W.  
FORESTIER, M.C.,  
Duke of Cornwall's Light  
Infantry. Youngest son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Theodor  
Schneider, East Dulwich.



2ND LIEUT. BERNARD  
MATTHEW CASSIDY, V.C.,  
Lancs Fusiliers. Son of late  
Mr. B. Cassidy, and of Mrs.  
Cassidy. Awarded the V.C.  
for most conspicuous bravery.





(Speaker has just been welcomed home.)

## “You haven’t changed a bit!”

“It’s three whole years since I’ve seen you, and to look at you it might only be yesterday! The same delightful way of doing your hair; the same dear old Aberdeen; the same box of Kenilworths . . . .”

“Yes, I haven’t forgotten how fond you used to be of a good cigarette.”

“And Kenilworths are the very

best. They’re one of the good things that the War has left untouched.”

*Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 50, 6/6 100.*

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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.



## NEW NOVELS.

"Pieces of Eight." Mr. Richard le Gallienne sets sail for the Spanish Main. The romance of buried treasure allures him. So skilled

a craftsman has all the instruments to his hand, of course, and with a "yeo heave-ho" away we go from the dusty manuscript of the pirate's secret to the mystery island, the landmarks, the digging, the ironbound coffer, and all the rest of it. It is plain that Mr. Le Gallienne, with the literary impulse strong upon him, said one fine day to his pen and pad, "Let us have a yarn of treasure-hunting," and forthwith "Pieces of Eight" (Collins) came into being.

There is a pleasant picture of Nassau in the year 1903 (the date is precisely given), a picture so vivid that we can feel the lazy air and hear the murmur of the tropic trees down the long Bay Street, "whose white houses, with their jalousied verandahs, run the whole length of the water-front." And later, when we come to the pretty little island where the seekers hunt for "a large cabbage-wood stump," Mr. Le Gallienne's craftsmanship shows again its airs of distinction. The plot, to tell the truth, is much less absorbing, or we found it so, than these seductive visions of the Bahamas, where winter is not, where seas are blue, and where raw grey Northern skies and the ugliness of utilitarian cities are alike unknown. It is these things that make our mouths water, far more than the pieces of eight, or even than the lovely maiden who rewards the hero (in the first chapter) with the treasure of true love.

"Second Marriage." (Martin Secker) may be considered as a study of constancy—constancy

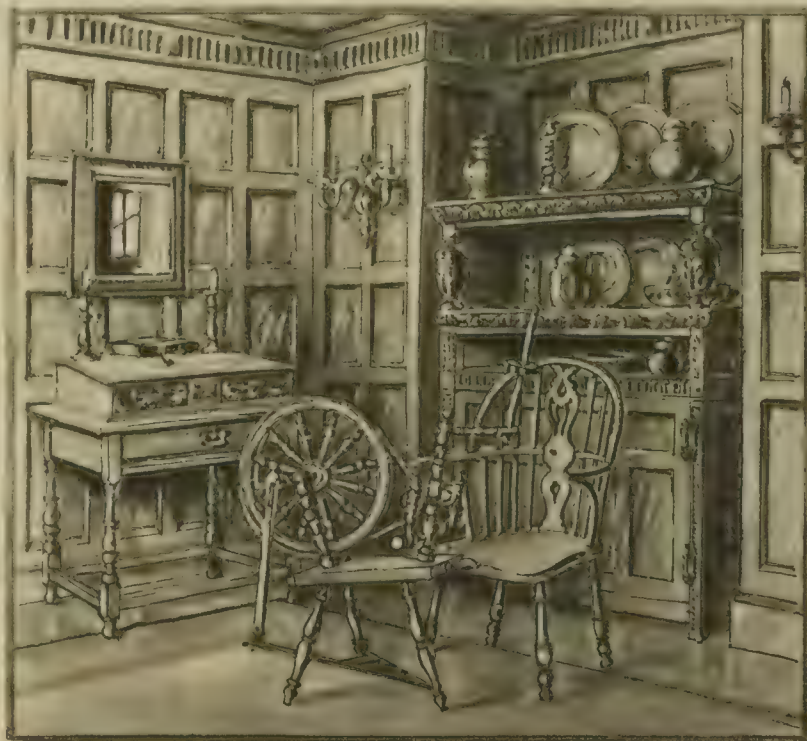
to the true worship and devotion of love. Ismay Hunt, who has been married and widowed before she appears among the people of Viola Meynell's new novel, had been a wife with her heart untouched, and the marriage had been her husband's tragedy. Before she rises in the

story, her sister Rose shines and scintillates, attracted first by one man and then another, beguiled by her pagan joy of life into passing entanglements that leave her unawakened soul inviolate. Rose, if one may use the starry simile, is one of "the meaner beauties of the night," whose brightness dwindles when Ismay's moon-like glory is thrown upon the scene.

The people of "Second Marriage" are almost inhumanly sincere, and that is the only criticism we have to offer upon the author's psychology, which in so many ways is profoundly interesting and instructive.

The book is an illumination of the obscurities of love—the beautiful obscurities that a less tender writer would have failed to interpret, but that are put into language here with the understanding of poetic insight. Indeed, it is not possible to read it without noticing how the thoughts run parallel with the poets. Take Ismay, for example, waiting for Arnold on the ice of the fen, and her reflection—"What was it I said to Rory last night? I told him that I never leave Arnold without feeling that it's for always." The mind runs back to "The House of Life"—"In every kiss sealed fast, To feel the first kiss and forbode the last." But Ismay was less to Arnold than his invention, the engine in the shed that kept him from her.

It need not be said that the scene of the book, the fen country with its sweep of cloud-land overhead, is described with a complete harmony between the intention and the word-picture in which it is presented to the reader.



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## LADIES' PAGE.

OVER all social functions war has thrown its blight, and such "fixtured" as continue are bereft of most of the old-time glory. The Royal Academy Private View was a conspicuous illustration of the change. At the threshold one missed the bank of flowers that always adorned either side of the wide staircase; and within the rooms there was no crowd—certainly not one-third of the number of visitors there used invariably to be. Moreover, those who were present were garbed with a commonplace plainness and quietness that contrasted strongly with the show of happier days, when this was the first of the great society gatherings of the season, and therefore the occasion for the earliest display of spring fashions. This year, not one solitary costume was in any way strikingly original, handsome, or in any way remarkable. Where is there a person who is not suffering family and friendly and financial losses that make display and frivolous expense seem folly? As I entered, I met a Countess in a black-and-white pin-stripe coat-frock, and a black toque of Tagel straw with a jet plaque for sole trimming. In the hall I saw another Peeress—one of the richest women in England, but a bereaved mother—wearing an old-fashioned black satin dress made with a train to lie a few inches on the ground, and a hat with a plain stretched white satin crown and an outstanding upturned brim of black tulle. True it is that both these Peeresses, as well as many other women there, had added handsome pearl necklaces and fur stoles to these ultra-plain gowns, but those adornments were undoubtedly pre-war possessions. Throughout the rooms the tale was the same. It is worth while to say this, that the working classes may not be deceived and irritated by the false supposition that "Society" is going on as usual, indifferent to the nation's losses. A Sunday paper that has a large popular circulation, for instance, stated in its woman's column that the crowd was so dense you could not see the pictures, and the gowns were quite amazingly lovely! Obviously, the writer did not reflect on the possibly mischievous aspect of such a statement.

One of the prettiest dresses was a quite simple navy-blue silk serge, having epaulettes of silver embroidery; it was caught in loosely to the waist by a belt, from which long ends fell down behind to the end of the tunic, all edged with silver embroidery. The hat, of blue silk, was raised all round on a wreath, resting on the pretty waved hair, of alternate blue and old-pink flowers. The new very deep collars in a contrasting shade were seen on several coat-frocks; one of putty-coloured cloth upon a



A "CURFEW" DINNER-DRESS.

This is made of soft-grey charmeuse. The loose coat is of the same material of a slightly darker shade, and is lined with emerald-green Ninon; and an emerald-green ribbon at the waist gives the desired touch of light colour to the dress.

royal-blue satin coat actually reached the waist behind, and yet was hardly visible in front, where the blue satin opened over a lace vest decked with a long hanging row of pearls. As the Paris "dress controller" has exacted a pledge from designers only to use four-and-a-half metres (about five yards) double-width wool material to make a gown, there is a perceptible narrowness in the skirts of the moment; but I observed that most of the new narrow under-skirts were relieved by a rather full tunic. One very narrow, sheath-like black satin gown at the Academy was thus draped with a tabard tunic of Venetian red brocade, edged narrowly with faded-looking gold passementerie round the cut-down neck, and also up the sides where it fell open beneath the arms, and carried round the bottom of the tunic. In three cases, an artistic draped tunic had been cleverly arranged over a tight and plain skirt with an old Indian cashmere shawl. As I had previously been told at a leading West End house that not only Cashmere shawls, but good and genuine old Paisley reproductions of the Indian designs, are to be got out and thus utilised, and as I actually saw those three worn at the Private View, some of my readers may like to have and act upon the hint. One of these Indian-shawl coats had a sailor collar of moleskin; another was a tunic drawn loosely and with an informal artistic effect into a yoke of old ivory-tinted Venetian point-lace; while the third was "wangled" with some strips of black satin, embroidered with tiny gold beads sparingly used. Beads, by the way, are having a great innings, both in the form of embroideries and as long chain necklaces. One black georgette frock trimmed with chalk-white beads in some profusion was noticeable.

There are a great many pictures by women on the walls, but nothing particularly striking. Many portraits of ladies are to be seen, and it is clear that the present style of dress is very artistic, and, perhaps, more paintable than women's costume has ever been since the days of Reynolds and Romney. But the new ideal of "woman" is represented too. There are quite a number of canvases depicting her at her novel war-time occupations in factory and field. In the big gallery alone there are three pictures of farm-women. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A., has chosen them for his field scene called "At Noon-Day"; then there is a capital picture of a plough-girl turning her great team, by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright, called simply "1917"; and Miss Dorothy Adamson's "The Green Armet" is on the same subject. Quite another point of view is that touched in Mr. David Jagger's fine portrait of "Miss Iris Van Raalte," in a blue velvet cap and blue velvet and biscuit canvas striped cloak, who is painted with a half-smoked cigarette between her fingers. FILOMENA.

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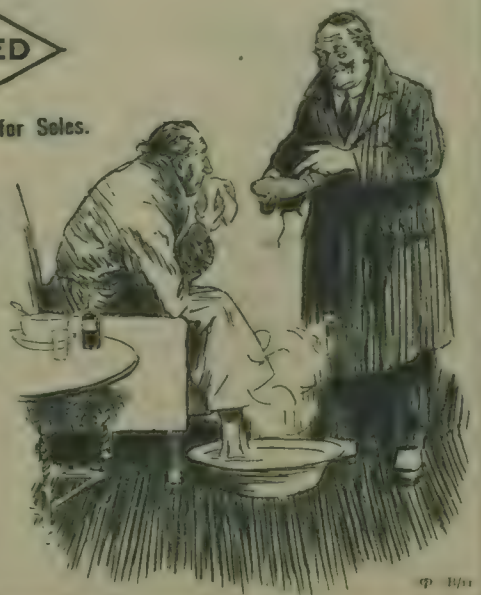
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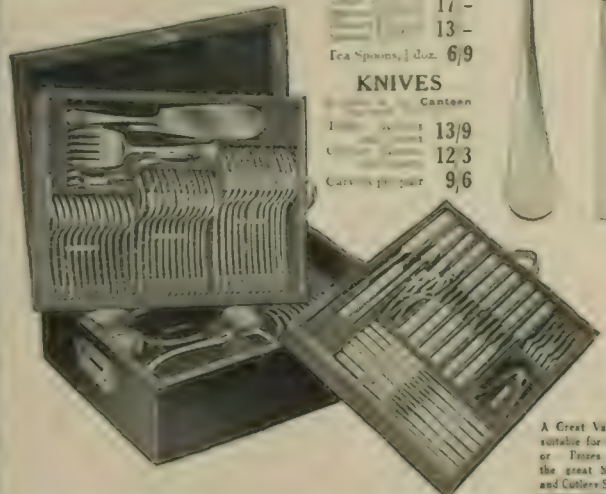
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## LITERATURE.

The Master-Men  
at Sea.

Mr. Archibald Hurd's name on the covers of a book about the Navy

continues the author, "than the success in ship design, construction, and organisation." Yet a third chapter to which our readers' attention should be drawn is that entitled "The Menace of the Submarine." Among other

review of the results of the U-boat piracy campaign against food-ships, transports, and merchant-vessels well up to date. "The record," as he puts it in brief, "must be discouraging to the Germans and encouraging to us."

The War:  
A Chronicle  
of Heroism.

Mr. Philip Gibbs is a realist, as any chronicler of history-making incidents should be, but he very properly does not make his book, "From the Trenches to the Trenches" (Heinemann), an account of the ring and destruction. He does not dwell on the horrors of the war, but on the men who are to be remembered as heroes at the bar of history, and on the courage and valour that he touches of the heroic. He does not dwell on the horrors of the war, but on the men who are to be remembered as heroes at the bar of history, and on the courage and valour that he touches of the heroic. He does not dwell on the horrors of the war, but on the men who are to be remembered as heroes at the bar of history, and on the courage and valour that he touches of the heroic.

The fine courage of our men and of our Allies relieves the terror of a war without precedent—a war in which science has been at once more destructive, more repulsive, and more beneficent in its work of healing than in any previous war the world has known. The men with whom he talked were splendid, heroes all who answered his questioning with "a stark simplicity of truth, with often a queer glint of humour—grim enough, God knows—but humour still."

There had to be in this book, if it were to convey a true impression, much talk of "ravaged plains. And burning towns and ruined swains, And mangled limbs and dying groans," but the final effect is one of immeasurable pride in the unflinching heroism of men fighting to save their country and half the world from tyranny, the men of nearly a hundred regiments who figure in the author's Roll of Honour: this story of the war as it raged from Ypres to Passchendaele. Mr. Gibbs can paint his war-pictures with vigour, as is proved on every page; but he has also the virtue of restraint when things literally too terrible for words lie behind the veil which, with equal judgment and humanity, he does not lift.

## Control Prices and a Moral

ONCE upon a time a man named Sheraton made very beautiful chairs—so beautiful that people who had wealth and fine taste built fine houses and decorated lovely rooms so that the Sheraton chairs could be seen to advantage in them.

WHEN King Demos came to reign he said: "It is not right that any of my subjects, just because of their being wealthy, should have finer chairs to sit on than my poorer subjects." So he ordained that it was unlawful for any chairs to be sold for more than three guilders for each chair. Sheraton was then paying more than three guilders for the labour on one leg of one of his beautiful chairs. So he died of a broken heart, and all the Sheraton chairs had to be sold for three guilders each, and the merchants who had stocks were ruined. Many poor people bought these chairs, but they did not think them strong enough.

MANY years after King Demos died, and the law concerning the price of chairs had lapsed or was forgotten. Connoisseurs went about the country and bought all the Sheraton chairs and put them back again into their place of honour, paying, sometimes, ten times the price that Sheraton sold them at.

## Moral:

Do not conclude that the "control" price of an article denotes its actual value.

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I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment. You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you like, and with my renewed thanks. Yours truly (signed), — R.N.A.S.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Cars and the  
Luxury Tax.

It seems reasonably certain that the motor-car is to be still further subjected to taxation, in the shape of the "luxury" impost of 16·2·3 per cent., unless the members of the Committee appointed to consider the question can be persuaded that the car already bears somewhat more than its fair proportion of the national burden. While one is perforce compelled to acknowledge that the money to pay for the war must be obtained from somewhere, and, further, to agree that the private-service car is in many cases a luxury within the literal meaning of the term, it is still to be argued—and I think with considerable force—that any extra impost levied on motoring is to be justly described as unfair. The intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in embodying the Luxury Tax in his new Budget are, first, to limit as far as possible the trade in non-essentials; and, second, to raise money.

Taking the case of the car, it does not matter what shape taxation may take so far as concerns the limitation of trade, inasmuch as there is really no trade being done in new cars. The importation of foreign cars is prohibited, and they are therefore unobtainable for money. All the motor-manufacturing concerns in the British Isles are fully employed on Government work, and are thus not turning out cars for sale to the motoring public. So that the first object of the new taxation fails because there is no trade to limit. When we come to the second phase—that of revenue-producing—the same conditions govern the matter. There are no sales—therefore there can be no revenue. But, supposing the conditions to be different and cars to be purchasable, the tax would be an unfair

one because, as I have remarked, the motor vehicle is already taxed far more heavily than any other form of locomotion, and it is a little difficult to see how it could stand any more without serious prejudice to the trade and the movement generally. We have the motor-car tax to begin with, which is already a serious burden on the mass of car-owners; and beyond that there is the petrol tax to be paid, and this alone amounts, I should say, to something like 75 pence per mile run as an average. Certainly, if there is any "luxury"

absorbingly interesting that I really do not feel called upon to apologise for referring to it. As a matter of fact, it is more than the story of the engine—it is in effect a running commentary on the war, and the operations in all the theatres thereof in which Sunbeam-engined cars and aircraft have taken part. The genesis of the aero-engine was in the success of the Sunbeam racing-cars. The six-cylinder racer, which even now holds certain world's records up to and including fourteen hours, was the beginning of things, and its performance on road and track led Mr. Coatalen to take up the investigation of aero-engine problems; and one of the first results was the twelve-cylinder motor which, installed in a car and driven by Chassaigne, covered 107·9 miles in the hour at Brooklands. I think this engine developed about 220 h.p.

So great has been the progress of design in the interval that the Sunbeam works are now getting out a motor to develop some 750 h.p. on a weight of 1400 lb. complete—and this, be it said, is a water-cooled engine. Whether Mr. Coatalen will ever succeed in getting his weights down to the ideal of 1 lb. weight per h.p. developed remains to be seen; but he is evidently well on the way to the achievement. It may be as well to remark in this connection that, while the lessons that have been learnt in the process of developing the aero-motor will undoubtedly have their effect

on the post-war car-engine, the former can never take its place in the car. The fining down of weight, essential in the aeroplane, is not at all necessary in the case of the road vehicle; and there is, moreover, the question of cost to be taken into account. That of the former works out at from six to ten times in excess of that of an engine of equal h.p. rating for the road vehicle. Further, the conditions of use are so entirely different that

(Continued overleaf.)



A PLEASURE TO COME: A FAMOUS CAR IN AN ENGLISH BEAUTY SPOT.

Our photograph shows an admirable six-cylinder Napier car in a very pretty part of Ashdown Forest, in Sussex—one of those English beauty spots which lovers of charming scenery will once more visit when peace is declared.

which should escape the new tax it would seem to be the car.

"Britain's Winged  
Messengers  
of Death."

The Sunbeam Motor-Car Company have sent me a reprint of an article from the *World's Work* bearing this title. It is really the story of the development of the Sunbeam-Coatalen aero-engine, and is thus hardly within my province to review, but it is so

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endowed with eternal youth, nothing can  
prevent the ravages of time.

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Continued.  
the qualities of the aero-engine would be quite wasted in road-vehicle propulsion, even if the question of relative cost did not enter into the calculation.

#### To Patriotic Car-Owners.

I am asked to say that the committee of the National Egg Collection for our wounded soldiers will be grateful for the loan of cars to assist on the Flag Day on the 27th inst. Will those who are willing to lend their cars for so deserving an object, even in these days of almost unobtainable petrol, communicate direct with the Organiser, 4, Rupert Street, W. 2.—W. W.

Owing to the great and growing shortage of paper, the public are requested to exercise the greatest economy, particularly in the matter of stationery. Much of the notepaper now in use is extravagant in size and quality.

With a view to encourage thrift among their employees, the Birmingham Small Arms Company offered the sum of £100 divided into six prizes to be drawn for by depositors in the Birmingham Municipal Bank. The conditions were, that the employees should have been on the books of the Bank for three months, and have deposited not less than £1. The draw resulted as follows: First Prize, £50, J. W. Sneed; Second, £25, F. Atkins; Third, £10, C. Sprason; Fourth, £5, Amy Armstrong; Fifth, £5, F. F. Ellis; Sixth, £5, G. H. Dangerfield. Councillor Hallas attended the draw, and addressed the work-people on the benefits of the Bank and the essential and constant value of thrift.

### QUAKER SAINTS.

A QUAINLY unusual volume, L. V. Hodgkin's "A Book of Quaker Saints" (Foulis), will be welcomed by many readers, not of the Society of Friends alone. The book should find its account, for it possesses qualities that make for permanence. Intended first of all for children of the Society of Friends, it will win favour among children of other persuasions. Their elders, too, can find much in it of pleasure and attraction. There are things in it which even instructed Quaker children cannot be expected to fathom at once, although every obvious difficulty is carefully explained. But the divinity of these sketches, half-h story, half story-book, very often touches the profound. That, however, does not spoil their charm as stories. Unless the introduction is fiction, and one hardly supposes that any Friend would stray from truth, the book was written to help a little girl, Lois, who was terribly puzzled to understand what a saint might be. She had been on a visit to relatives not of her own family's way of thinking; and she had been taken to Church; a curious, new, and rather mysterious sensation. It was more interesting than Meeting, but rather frightening, for she did not know when to stand up, or when she ought to kneel, and when she might sit down. At first she could make nothing of the stained-glass windows.

The psychology of this passage is remarkably fine. The child saw only detached patches of colour. She could not integrate the design all at once, and the black lines of the leaden traceries bewildered her. There were no such lines between the colours of the real rainbow. At last she made out the figures, and was told that they were saints. Further

mystification. Happily, Lois asked questions, to which we owe this book. Lois's question is answered in a strictly orthodox way by one of her own faith. The saints of these stories have no place in the Church Calendar. Needless to say, the place of honour falls to George Fox. The episodes, although somewhat dramatised and permitted some novelist's licence, are all strictly founded on authentic records, supplemented by modern research and intimate acquaintance with local colour. The author shows an excellent historical sense and a true feeling for the England of the early days of Quakerism. It is wonderful upon how very slight a hint the writer often contrives a delightful picture, notably that of the Judge's daughters. Authorities are conscientiously quoted, yet not in such a way as to destroy the illusion. The incident of George Fox and the wife and daughters of Justice Fell, whom the Quaker was said to have "bewitched," is expanded into a really exquisite picture of seventeenth-century home life in England. It is written with a good conscience, for its embroideries achieve essential, if not baldly, literal truth. The same applies to the whole of a very remarkable book.

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